

A Story From Another Time

I can't help to reminisce while I sit alone in the dark, the sound of chaos muted by the gentle river of thoughts. It was provocative and was nostalgic, like long weekends outside as a child. Where were my worries then, because they have come anew. If I wait long enough my breathing matches the wind that passes through the window drawing the soft scent of flowers and sunlight. Its cooling to the touch and I can almost feel the cool warmth that it brings across my burned and semi buried skin.

Sometimes I imagine that I'm left in the center of a large library, the walls stretch nearly endless into the sky and around me is perpetual cases and shelves all adorned with leather and metal bound papers drafts and letters; stories. My thoughts eventually cast to sink among the most indefinite plagiarism of the Universe. It feels bitter sweet as almost in conversation with Being itself through that open window, I find a little peace in my wrinkled and shriveled soul as my mind wanders to and fro.

Would I join this collection of antiques and history? Will I be stamped and bound within leather or the hardest of metals for others to wonder upon? Or will the wind take me with it to melt among the stars?

"Which would I prefer?" was the childish voice I imagined upon the wind, a mature depth to its tone but an innocence lost. I wasn't surprised by this gentle wash of water along my spine. This warmth that left a light lit in the back of my mind.

I'm not even sure what I might say in turn as in merriment the wind turns of few pages of old and dry tomes left upon a nearby wobbly table. The creak of wood pleasant addition to the already silent image.

Merlin, I imagined myself left entirely alone among the stories here within these fabled halls of time. To flip pages with the slowly cracking and wrinkling digits upon my hands. Sure my tongue would dry out among the star gazing, but the words would float through the ever dying age of my mind.

It is almost as if I knew them all along. Where would my story sit? Would it be worth the read, the gander? I wonder if I weren't me would I enjoy it as if I enjoyed life?

"I already do, you shouldn't worry, others will too" again is the benevolent reply within the winds touch. There's a bit of the smell of coal within its path now. Its heavy within my nostrils but earthy among the picture that they conjure.

I open another book and my fingers drop like a soft swing clock as they tap across the first page and I feel my breath stop. Is this it, the last story that I can consume? I can feel my chest fall still as I turn the next page.

“The little girl rushed out in delight as the falling rain fell within the empty streets. Her star like smile left the world happy that day as all the worlds pain was cleaned away.” And then the next page...

“It was another year that has passed as she finds her heart taken to beats of angst, the world didn’t know her name and she struggled to become who she wanted her heart to be. Another man has broken her heart, tears might wash away the pain, but all she wanted was her father’s familiar face . For him to be able to hold her and tell her that everything will be alright”

Another page flashed across my mind’s eye as the scent of coal grew stronger among this cathedral of time, a piece of mind. The sound of the voice among the wind has become tired, but still it held an innocence that I was coming to know well in my beautiful time. I almost forgot to keep track of the suns passing but now the window was almost closed and the moon was passing high among the stars. One blinks out and then another and then another, those left twinkling their own peace.

“The woman she heard the cry of the newborn child. Its grating tone was never a lost moment, but a reminder of what she has fought so hard for. Another life among the stars that would grow and pass its stories into time, bring more life with it. She was beautiful in her own right for being... yet she was no longer that innocent girl who danced in the rain, kissed her father on her cheek as the ever growing flatline grew louder among those hospital machines. She found herself remembering the past with fondness.”

I felt my soul smile against the coldness that held my form still. And as my senses dulled into nothingness the last glimmering light passing across my sight the voice pressed a kiss to my cheek, “it’s time to leave your story and join the stars. She will always remember your light.”

The voice felt familiar in the back of my mind as the river of thoughts left me. The wind gently turned the last page for me. It ended with this...

“The man she called a father, a warrior, her world stood still the book within his aging hands. The orange leather bound tome heavy as his arms sagged, but his eyes continued to cherish in its peace as they closed gently. The wind picked up and with the softest sound of sand falling apart, his form crumbled into ash to be carried through the finally closing window. The soft click followed as it locked the sound of the young girl’s laughter filling these halls of time.”

Perhaps there is a lesson to be learned at the center of life, that sometimes your story was never about you at all, but someone else entirely, someone that needed you in their life.

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